

him, certainly deserves a picture to commemorate his happy escape. I have therefore, at the beginning of this chapter, presented my pretty little reader with a true representation of that transaction.

But to proceed: the next morning, proving very wet and dismal, Mr. Stubbs was thereby prevented paying his usual visit to our little shepherd and shepherdess, who had taken shelter under their hovel. These pretty little children amused themselves in chatting to each other; but, as their conversation was not on idle and childish subjects, I doubt not but my pretty readers wish to know what it was: I shall therefore proceed to tell them.

"Bless me, (said Florella to Amintor) how it rains! This rain will prevent Mr. Stubbs coming to us this morning, and we shall lose saying

lesson, which, I am sure, will vex you as it will me."

"That is true, (replied Amintor) but, my dear sister, remember it is God pleases, and we must not quarrel at what he pleases to direct. This rain, though it proves a disappointment to us at present, it may be of service to us in future, as will be to many other people. This rain will moisten the earth, and bring forth sweet grass for our innocent flocks to eat on. It will likewise assist in the growth of vegetables in general, and in the world of good besides, much more than you or I know of. But I will not part of the history of little Amintor, which is, in some degree, applicable to what we are talking about.

"The little Amarillis was a very pretty creature, who loved and was loved by every one. She constantly attended to her grace before and after dinner.